NEVER OFF THE ISLAND.

When the processions, with their garlands and their music, wind among the graves, my thoughts often fly to the living martyrs of the war, and among them to Miss Searles as she told me her story sitting in the doorway of her quaint little home on Block island.

Her eyes followed a young man and woman from the hotel near by. "There they go," she said, "down by the shore, same

"Same as in your day?" I ventured. "Yes: same as in my day."

There was a far-away look in her eyes, and a gentle smile upon her lips. By the wisdom and patience in her face she was fifty years old at the least; by the delicate gloom upon her cheeks, by the blue of her unfaded eyes, by the uprightness and alertness of her carriage, she might have been fifteen. I considered these things, and the abundance of her still golden hair, and thought how pretty she must have been when she was young. Then I corrected myself, saying, "How beautiful she is now!" What could be more emphatically her "day" than this mature age in which she abode in all the serenity of a wise and independent womanhood?

Yet I said, "Tell me about your day, Miss Searles."

"What could I tell? I never was off the island."

"Tell me about the times you went down by the shore as those two are going." "They weren't many. We didn't have the

leisure these rich young folks have-whole afternoons for courtin'. Fishin' folks work pretty hard six days out of seven, and don't always have their Sundays either." "And yet young people sometimes went down by the shore."

"Yes, you'd see 'em strayin' off out of sight below the cliffs, not comin' back till after moonrise. But father was pretty strict with me, an' he didn't like it. I guess I never went that way but twice. Once without his knowledge, and once against his will."

"Dear Miss Searles, how came you to

have been so wicked?" "I was very heady in those days," said Miss Searles, gently, "and my father, you see, he was captain of his own sloop, and his way was to be minded. It worked well on the ship, and naturally he expected it would work well at home. So it did in the long run; I wouldn't belie the bridge I came over on. But young folks, with notions and feelings no other mortal could guess workin' 'em like hid yeast, I don't know's its the best way to get your trumpet to shout to 'em, 'Port your helm!' or 'Lower your top-gallants!' when they're all for venture, even if you do see ahead further than they can. I don't want you to think there was ever any great strife between father an' me. He thought the world of me. That was the reason he was so opposed when I got a notion I wanted to go off the island and see the world outside. I was about twenty then. I'd heard father tell about Newport, and New York, and Baltimore; places he'd been to. I used to climb in his lap when I was a little girl and make him just tell about them. It was pleasant stuff to muse about then; but as I got older I guess some of my father's own feeling got strong in me.

about then; but as I got older I guess some of my father's own feeling got strong in me. I often felt fretted with bein' in one place that I knew every stone of. It began to seem narrer to me, and I 'most hated the sea goin' round and round the island, and the fogs driftin' across an' makin' it seem the more shut in. When the lights shone out from Newport and Narragansett, I used to wish I was a bird and could fly over and see what they lighted to.

"I know it was foolish; but one has such a great heart when one is young, the world hardly seems big enough for it. I'd talk about goin' over there to earn my living. Nothing vexed father like that. He said I'd no call to earn my living, seein' he earned it for me. I said I wanted to see the world. He said he didn't want me to see it; 'twas mostly wicked. He said I got a good, safe home, and he should see I stayed in it with my mother. I begged him just to take me once for a holiday trip, just to see what it was for a holiday trip, just to see what it was like. Sometimes he'd half promise; then he'd get jealous lest I'd have my head turned by what I'd see over there, and put

"It tretted me so I began to talk to Will-iam about it, and most quarreled with him,

"Who was William?"

"William Bloss, who lived next neighbor to us in that little house you see by the pond. His father was lost in a storm when William was small, and my father had always taken notice of him and helped his mother bring him up. Father took him on the sloop as soon as he was old enough, and he'd got to thinking a great deal of his

help. "I told William more'n I told father. I told him I felt as if I was outside my country on this little bit of an island, outside the great United States I'd studied about in my history and read about in the papers. He couldn't see how I could feel so. He wasn't like me. He loved everything he was used to-every blade of grass and every old foamwet head of rock out there in the jumble round the island. It was no use of my trying to stir him up with the restless spirit that was in me. I asked him if he wasn't tired of the old sloop, and the fish, and the curin'-sheds, and if he didn't want to see shops, and colleges, and trees, and people. I said if I were a man I'd go and make my fortune in some better place."

"What did he say?" "Nohtin" I can see his long face and mild brown eyes lookin' at me now just as they looked then. He was one of that contented kind seems as if they'd entered at birth into the Lord's wisdom. and never wanted to change His orderin's But the more I couldn't move him the madder I got. Finally I told him he was just a mother's boy, and he'd be that all his life. I said I ought to have been the man and he the woman. Then he couldn't but smile a little, and, says I, full of wrath. 'What are you thinkin'?' and, says he, 'I was thinkin', Claris, how you'd like the top of a mast in a nor easter!" Then I ran away from him, and wouldn't speak to him for days. I knew I'd no right to call him unmanly, for father 'd said, time and again, if he wanted a sheet taken in the quickest in a squall, or a rope handled the readlest when the sea was breakin' on deck, he'd always send William. No, even in my bad temper, I couldn't call him unmanly. Sulky as I was, I could only say it was mean of him to show me no sympathy in my wish to see the world; that men are all alike, and he was just as bad as father to me about that. The next time he was going out with father I ran away so that I should not be there to say good-bye to him. I had to suffer for that when a gale came up and blew them off shore so that they did not get back for

"But meantime, before the gale, there was a Sunday, a real pretty, spring Sunday, warm as summer, the sea all silver, the wind off lihode Island sweet with church, and I amongst'em. The proud, restless heart I had wasn't fit to come inside a church door, but I didn't know it then. I held my head high, and sat in the

Blest are the humble souls that see Their emptiness and poverty,

without the least true idea of what was saying. And all of us girls, before the hymn was over, had spied a figure that took up our thoughts as no bymn was likely to. There was a young fellow casting glances up at us. He was as different from our boys as different could be. It was only Emory Bartlett. He went away five years before to be a clerk in Newport. None of us thought much of him then. But now he looked such a gentleman! His face was fair, and his chestnut hair was glossy and turned up in a curl above his coat-collar. He wore a brown satin waistcoat with white sprigs upon it. We thought it was the prettiest thing we

"I wasn't so without bringin' up that I could sit in church and whisper about him, as some of the girls did, but I thought my silly thoughts all the same. I said to myself. What a little runty boy he was when
he went away, and this was what came of think of his goin' into danger. Saye I. 'He gettin' off the island! I knew he was look- goes into danger every time he goes out on in' most at me. That wasn't anything new. the sea.' But,' says mother, 'we dread new haps you saw the new comet. But why have you up at that hour!

with me when we were children at school. I ran away from him then. But now it was different. He had been off the island, and my heart was on fire to get off the island,

"So I didn't run away when he followed me from church. And I said I'd go down by the shore with him that afternoon, though I knew father wouldn't like it. seein' he was half a stranger, and though I most hated myself for it when I thought of

"When I think back now, I don't know how I stood all the brag that young man started out with. Generally that sort of thing made me bot-tempered. But seems to me I was bewitched out of my reason. He told me about his business in a big dry-goods store; the money he took in, and the salary he had, and how he could coax the ladies that shopped with him, and sell more goods than the best man in the place. He showed me his gold watch, and told me about his bank account, and what a fine house he meant to build some day. And from that he began to tell what fine things the Newport ladies wore—they used to have these summer folks over there long before they came here. And finally, says he, 'Oh, Clarie, how I'd like to see you in a silk dress like I could pick out for you!'

"Then I was angry, and I told him if my

dress was not good enough for him he could go down to the shore alone. Then he was all humbleness, and began to heap on the flattery so thicklit makes my face burn now, old as I be, to think that I bore it. But I believe then I just craved it, and drank it in as a thirsty man drinks water. He hadn't expected I'd be so easy pleased, and it puffed him up the more.

"We got down into a nook below the cliff, and then he talked and I listened. It was a dreamy afternoon. The sea shim-mered, there was a silver haze along the sky-line. A song-sparrow came and sat upon a bit of driftwood, and sang as if he would call spirits out of the sea. But for all I felt these things, I was, in fancy, walkin' under the elm-trees over in New-port, and seeing the shining carriages, and the ladies in silks and lawns, that Emory told of. And I let him go on and on, till presently he was declarin' it was me and me only he'd come back to see, and that he should soon be a rich man, and would give me all the money and all the luxury I'd ask for. So there was my chance to get off the island. It was laid "But you didn't take that chance, Miss

Searles?" "I didn't put it by. That is, not right off. Strange! That silver haze along the sky-

line seemed to shut out my William as if he'd never been. There was a spell in that

he'd never been. There was a spell in that day."

"What broke it?"

"The tide. First I knew it was right at our feet. The cliff was steep for a good way along there, and the cove we were in was higher than the beach either way from it. I jumped to my feet, and then I guess my common sense came back.

"Hurry! said I. 'We shall have to wade to get out from here!"

"We looked around the corner the way we had come, and there wasn't a dry foothold. He seemed kinder bewildered. I made him take off his nice patent-leather shoes, and I gathered them up in my dress-skirt. I had to go first and fairly pull him through. The sun dropped into the mist, and the world gloomed over. A cold wind came. The water began to swirl against the cliff, and then it sucked back and rolled the pebbles with a long rattle down the steep beach. We ran as it fell, and clung to the rocks as it came on. So we got ashore, wet as rats, and he was peevish about his spoiled clothes.

"Mother was good to him and gave him dry clothes, and he stayed all the evening. I laughed at him and tormented him, and yet he said he should come again next Sunday, and so ne did."

"What happened before then? Things that made him seem no more to me than a

"What had happened before then? Things that made him seem no more to me than a fly buzzing on the wall. First, there was the storm that scared me so about William, and then there came the news that even most made me forget him."

"What news?"

"Oh, of the war; of the fall of Sumter. If you weren't alive to know how it came to folks in New England nobody can ever tell yeu. It struck us right out of the old lazy, selfish life. That Saturday night the church bell was ringing and the people were flocking from every house, and they weren't as ever I saw them before. There were folks with set lips that mostly went with mouths agape, the stoopin'est forms were straightened up and the dullest faces were alive. There was no common talk about health and the weather. Greater things were in mind. The meetin' was to "What news?" things were in mind. The meetin' was to talk about the war, and to pray about it, and to pass resolutions.

"We didn't know father's boat was in till we saw him and William come into the meetin' with their fishin' clothes on, just as they'd come from the ship.

"I said we'd been struck out of selfishness. But when I laid eyes on William, not all the war could keep me from joy to see him alive. And the next minute not my whole country could keep me from heartache at sight of his face. For those mild eyes of his were like live coals, and his cheeks were drawn in. It was the sign of resolve with him. Hain't he always been ready to jump into every breach that

opened near him?

"He'd never once looked at me since he came in. My heart seemed to stand still when, right after the minister stopped speakin', William stood up, and said he, loud and clear, 'If they want men to whip

the rebels, here's one.'

"There was a little stillness, and then one and another of the boys got up, saying, 'Here's another!' and 'Here's another!' till

the men began to cheer. "There were some more speeches after that, but I didn't hear one word of 'em. Only when we sang 'My Country, 'tis of Thee,' my senses came back. I told you I used to feel this little island was outside our country. But now the country seemed to come and take it in and fill it, so's that it's seemed larger and fuller of life to me

"When the meeting broke up, there was Emory Bartlett waiting in the vestibule. He had a blue necktie to set off his fair skin, and a white handkerchief with some sweet perfume on it was stickin' out of his vest pocket. His arm was crooked to take me home. William had stayed behind to talk with the men. I did not take Emory's arm, but he walked along with us talking

"'You country folks,' says he, 'are makin' a great fuss about this. The United Sates 'll send a few reg'lars down there and settle it very quick. There's no need for all this talkin' and singin' and volunteerin'. "Sha'n't you volunteer?' says I.

as easy as ever.

"'No.' says he. Then he tried to be sen-I could most have said 'yes,' if I'd felt like answerin' back. "'I can't afford to sacrifice my business

just now for any make-show of patriotism. says he. 'I shall just stay at home and 'tend to it.' "Just then who should come up behind us but father-all out of breath with hurry and excitement. And he spoke out in a hoarse voice over my shoulder: 'Who's

world's gone mad! "'Oh, father!' says mother, quite vexed, 'how can you talk so?' "But Emory was so puffed up that he began to brag louder than before. Father

that that can talk sense when all the

cut him short. " 'Where's William?' says he to mother. Think of that fool William! He gettin' up and offerin' himself for a soldier, when he was pledged for my mate only yesterday! Here I be, old and stiff, and like to be laid up any day. Who's goin' to take charge of my vessel then, and get our daily bread for us? Him, that I trained up myself, and treated like a son-him goin' off

for a soldier! "But it's no time to be selfish now. father,' says mother. 'We must think of the country.'

"Let them take care of the country whose business it is' said he. 'Why need every young cock this side of Washington think he's got to jump to look after the country? And meantime who's to look after my fish that ought to be on the dryin'frames this minute?"

"By this time we'd got to the house, and mother had lighted the lamps. My heart was swelling so with wrath I dared not speak. I just went into my room and slammed the door, and there I sat cryin' half the night.

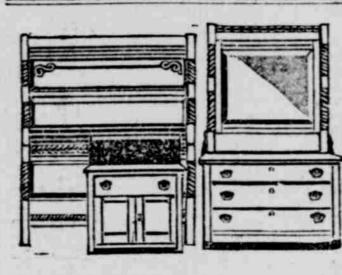
"Meantime William was carin' for the fish, just as I knew he would. Father couldn't go to help him, for he was taken with the rheumatism as soon as he got home almost. He crept up next day, and was groanin' about the house-oh, so cross! -and breakin' out now and then against the war, and against William, so that it

seemed as if I couldn't bear it. "Mother smoothed it off. She said he was

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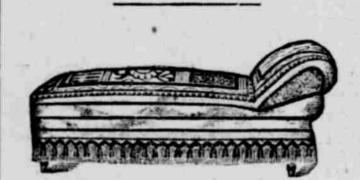


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sea that ever was couldn't be like guns to your father's mind.'

"I got so faint at those words that mother would make me take the camphor bottle.

That was the longest day I ever lived, till about 5 that afternoon I looked up and saw William in the doorway. We just looked at one another, and there didn't seem much

at one another, and there didn't seem much need for words between us, but William asked if I would come down by the shore with him, and father in the bedroom heard. 'No,' says he, hobblin' to the door and speakin' in a voice like thunder; 'no, I'll not have my daughter throw herself away on a man that's as ready as you be to fling his head at the devil the first whistle that blows! There'll be widders enough by 'n' by,' says father, 'without riskin' to make more.'

more.'

"Poor William turned pale as death. 'I never thought of that!' he kinder whispered, and would have gone away. But I ran to him and caught his arm. 'It's too late for thinkin', William,' says I. 'Father, it's too late for you to say no to me. I'm goin' with William!"

"I guess a woman can be more resolute than men sometimes. I guess I had mas-

tered my poor father when I walked off with William then.

said that day-'most the last thing. 'I

shall save up my pay, Claris,' says he, 'and

when I come back I'll take you to see the

world. We'll go off the island and take a

"So I knew then he had cared for my

"Dear Miss Searles, did he never come

"I thought at first the time would seem

long." she said, after a pause. "But it has

passed. Father was never really well

again. Mother and he needed a great deal

of care. Then neighbor Duncan's children

were left orphans. I thought the Lord had

given them to me. So I took them in and,

after that, time passed very easy, you may

be sure. The youngest went over to be a

"And have you never been off the isi-

"No. It was only a foolish girl's wish.

It never mattered to me after that time.

Since William went there's only one way

off the island I ever think of. That way.

she said, and waved her hand heavenward.

All Around the Barberry Bush,

A Republican Representative of much po-

litical experience, who is a careful ob-

server of the drift of sentiment, said yes-

terday: "I am not surprised to find our

Democratic brethren taking such an active

is a problem which they find easier and

interest in the Republican nomination: it

simpler in every respect than their own.

It is amusing to see them dodge

and avoid that question and skip from

candidate to candidate. I have a

friend on the other side of the House who

was a Cleveland man in December. In

January he was for Hill, but deserted him

sor 'some good Western man,' after Hill's

snap convention. Then be shifted his

choice to Pattison, but soon left him for

Gorman. Last week he informed me that

Campbell was the coming man, but the day

after the lowa convention he was shouting

for Boies. Yesterday he was for Cleveland again, and I don't know where he stands

to-day, for I have not yet seen him. I sup-

pose most of the Democrats are slipping about in the same sort of fashion, although

Obliged to Be Smatterers.

A Methodist clergyman is reported to

have recently made the remark in Chicago

that Americans were a nation of smatter-

ers. Possibly the statement may be true,

but, if so, is it necessarily a term of re-

proach? In this age, when there are so

many things brought prominently to the

front and pressed upon the active mind, is

it any wonder that the desire to know

something about many things should be ir-

repressible? The man who consolidates his

thoughts and energies in one direction may

accomplish more than the man who takes a

surface view of many subjects, but the

chances are that he will be a man of un-

kempt hair and slovenly garments, and

If you were up at 3:30 this morning per-

that he won't be a desirable companion.

they try to conceal it."

-Elizabeth Glover, in Christian Union.

clerk in Emory Bartlett's store this spring."

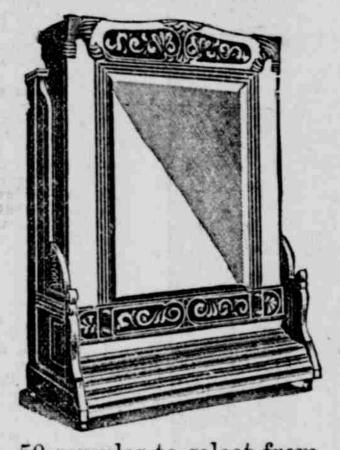
"No; he never came back."

good long trip.

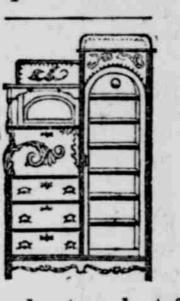
wish, after all."

New York Tribune.

backf"



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OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

The site of the city of Boston was sold in 1635 by John Blackstone for \$150.

The Mohammedans, it is said, consider silk unclean, because it is produced by a

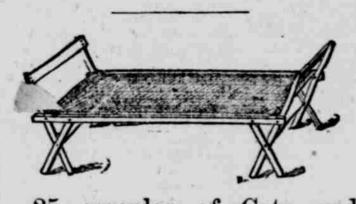
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HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Mamma-When that boy threw stones at

That's Who He Is.

Brandon Bucksaw. "Lieutenant Totten says the world is coming to an end soon." "Who is Lieutenant Totten?"

"He's the-er-er-why, he's the fellow that says the world is coming to an end."

Detroit Free Press. "I can't for the life of me see what you find in Miss Flypp to admire," said Mrs. Bloobumper to her son. "She neither sings nor plays the piano. "What more could I desire?" said young

Chappie-Once I was in a terwible storm

A Sign of Inclement Weather.

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. "I wonder if it is any warmer this morning," murmured Mrs. Snaggs at the breakfast-table.

"No. I don't think it is," replied Snaggs, as he looked out of the window. "I see the street-railway company is running open

Father Noah's Revenge.

drown," said Mrs. Noah as the ark floated. "They won't if they're truthful," said Nosh, with a chuckle. "One of 'em was telling me yesterday that this storm ien's a marker to one he remembered back in 476099."

Boston News.

Judge to young woman charged with shoplifting)-Where do you live, young woman; in the North End or Back Bay? Defendant-Why do you wish to know! Judge (impatiently)-How am I to tell whether this is plain shoplifting or klepto-

In Accents Broken,

who stutters so much.' "Yes; it was her tender heart that led her to do it." "How is that?" "When he addressed her in broken ac-

with a good voice to sing in a church choir. Jack Lever-It is a greater snap to stay home and read the Sunday papers. Lena Lotos-But, just think how debasing that is to his moral tone! Jack Lever-Great Casar! What do you call singing in the choirf

An Unequal Distribution.

"Ma," asked Tommy, the practical, "does "Well, I think it's real mean of Him to general good sense and cultivated taste | give the minister some gold teeth when He only gave me all crockery ones."

It Was Not that She Lied.

Kate Field's Washington. Younger Brother—Nellie, if you had lived in the days of Ananias and Sapphira you Nellie (indignant)-I am sure, Bobby, I never told what wasn't true in my life, How can you be so unkind? Younger Brother-Why, they lived about eighteen hundred years ago. You wouldn's

lages of these people are built over the bosom of a great fresh-water lake-to escape from the mosquitos.

ing bed in the morning he likes to take a plunge in a cold stream, even if he has to break the ice to get into it. The hose used in sprinkling the plazas of Paris is a queer contrivance. It consists of lengths of iron pipe, each length mounted

at the end on short axles having two small wheels, and the lengths joined together by short pieces of flexible hose. Some of the Venitians-those who have never been to the mainland-have never seen a horse in all their lives. A showman once brought one to, a fair and called it a

unappreciative villagers called it.

It is claimed by competent anthorities that there is a saving in the use of alumninm accourrements of nearly one pound in the weight carried by infantry soldiers. while in horse equipment and cavalry accontrements the saving is one pound and

There are many people new living who will have only one birthday to celebrate gowns of like character, none of them at for nearly twelve years to come. This all in keeping with this one elaborate, exstrange circumstance is due to the fact | pensive and striking article of wear.

a leap year.

While the people of the northern countries cannot sleep unless they have plenty of room to stretch out their legs, the inhabitants of the tropics often curl them-

The French War Office has provided for the enrollment of between 6,000 and 7,000 In the Chicago postoffice 100,000 letters are sorted, stamped and bagged in thirty-five minutes, by 217 men. A merchant has been fined 100 marks at Frankfort, Germany, for using a Bible quotation to head an advertisement.

There are eighty thousand barmaids in England whose hours average fourteen daily for a wage of 10 shillings per week. Ducks fly at an average rate of ninety miles per hour. With a fair wind it is believed that they can make 150 miles in the

A distinguished microscopist says that wool is a kind of hair, and that hair is simply a species of plant rooted in the skin

Bread must not be cooked on certain days.

and on Holy Friday (in Brittany), or during the night of All Saints, when the ghosts would eat it. One of the largest of Boston's retail drygoods stores now has a gymnasiam on the

top floor for the use of the saleswomen and other female employes. The only official in the country whose right to be addressed by the title of honorable is constitutional, it is stated, is the

Lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts. One hundred and fifty negroes were lynched in this country during the past year, and it is stated on good authority that the number of lynchers is on the in-

The largest child ever born, it is said, was the son of Bates, the "Kentucky Giant," and his wife, the "Nova Scotia Giantess." This infant Hercules weighed 234 pounds.

A little more than a hundred years ago the work of a man at common or unskilled labor was worth but 50 cents a day, and on this he supported his family in what was no doubt regarded as entire respect-

eighteen thousand sheets, one upon another, would measure only an inch in thickness. It is added that 1,200 sheets of tissue paper make but little more than an inch in thickness. The oldest hotel in Switzerland and probably the oldest in the world is the Hotel of the Three Kings, at Basle. Among

its guests in 1026 were the Emperor Conrad II, his son, Henry III and Rudolph, the last King of Burgundy. There is a tribe of South American savages who live in tree-tops near Venezuela. and their singular mode of existence gave the the name to that province. The vil-

The Russian likes no sleeping-place so well as the top of a big soapstone stove in his domicile. Crawling out of this blister-

monster, and the factory hands paid 15 cents each to see the marvel. An aged person who recently visited Caribon, Me., stated that he had written and delivered 1,500 sermons, and that it took just seven hundred of the manuscripts to fill a barrel. Dry measure is what the

that they were born on Feb. 29, and to the further fact that the year 1900 will not be

selves up like monkeys at the lower angle of a suspended hammock and sleep soundly in that position.

Bricks made of plate glass are of very superior quality. A sand of 1ron and glass 1s forced 1nto a mold under a pressure of several thousand pounds per inch. Then the bricks are subjected to a temperature of 2,700° Fahrenheit, which causes the sand and glass to unite. The bricks are perfectly white and will stand both frost and acid.

BITS OF FASHION.

The new India pink is merely the old ma genta shade greatly softened in tint. The latest thing in jewelry is silver fila-gree work. All the new pins and hair combs show it and even the buckles.

Elbow sleeves are appearing on evening dresses, and they are often finished with a deep accordion-plaited rutile of chiffon. Sashes tied in front and a little to one side are worn with almost every style of gown. The catchiest mode provides for a

Roman silk eash. Bonnets are either enormously large, on the road back to the shapes of our grandmothers, or else are nothing but bunches of lace, light as thistle down. Something new in the way of a ribbon

of baby ribbon. The first is green, the second heliotrope and the third maize. The fashion is revived of making up thin muslins over colored silk slips. White muslin over yellow is a favorite style, and with such a dress is worn a yellow silk

Double sleeves appear on new gowns, the outer one coming only to the elbow, and the imported street gowns show many single sleeves that are much shorter than the recent style, extending only a trifle below the elbow.

There are many stout, short women who do not find the seamless skirt at all becoming. These can do no better than to choose the eight-gored bell-skirt, whose very lines Cold iron has been rolled so thin that give them length, and the effect of a degree of slenderness at least. Many have each of the seams on the front and sides overlaid with passementerie bands or velvet ribbon. Another model for stout women is the close princesse redingote with slashed skirts, and open in front. Beneath is the close sheath skirt, but its outlining form is covered by the panel-like breadths of the

> polonaise. Old-fashioned sprigged muslins will make some of the prettiest and coolest-looking summer gowns. One that had Dresden china figures in white and bine had a bell-skirt made over a very pale blue skirt, with pinked dust ruffles. The bell-skirt of muslin was edged with several tiny ruffles of fine lace, and the bodice waist had a deep frill around the top. Covering the fastenings in front were palest blue, pink and white resettes, and on the back was a Felix bow of similar shades. A guimpe o sheer white muslin, beautifully ruffled and tucked, was worn with it.

Charming lace capes, fichus and berthas will come in with airy summer toilets. Some of these will be made with creamlace flouncing deep enough to reach below the waist. These are in many cases simply shirred to fit the neck, with a standing frill of lace as a timesh, and a tie of pretty ribbon in front. They are made of laces in black, white and ecra. More elaborate capes are made in the longer fashion of the past season. They are belted at the back. and fall about five-eighths of a vard below the waist-line. Fichus are made of silk net with gathered frills of point de Gene or Chantilly at the edges.

A parasol may serve as an indication of the of its owner. It is always a rather conspicuous accessory, and originality may lapse into positive londness and vulgarity. A plain corded silk parasol, devoid of garniture of any description, looks in far better taste carried with the very richest and most expensive toilet than one of white | would have been dead long ago. silk, for instance, burdened with lace and ribbon, carried en suite promiscuously with dresses of lawn, foulard, cloth, and



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TRUNKS,

Surprised at Her Question.

you, why didn't you come and tell me, in-stead of throwing them back? Little Son—Tell you? Why, you couldn't hit a barn door.

A Masterly Defense. Mokeby-How did yo' come out on dat

Johnson-All right. Man lawyer proved dat de jedge didn't hab no jurisdiction, 'cause it was his own chickens I done stole. He Could See,

Bloobumper. He Was Weal Bwave.

at sea. The waves wolled mountain high, Miss Pinkerly-Dear me! Weren't you bonnet is formed of three wreaths of loops Chappie-No, indeed. I was weal bwave. My sister was with me.

"It's a pity to let all those old settlers

Depended on Location.

"Miranda has accepted that young man

cents she couldn't resist him. Even Worse, . Lena Lotos-It is a great snap for a man

Wide Awake. God like everybody just the same?"
"Yes, my dear; the Bible tells us that He makes His sun to shine on the just as well as the unjust.

have hung on as long as this, would you !